

BIG SANDY NEWS.

VOL. 1.—NO. 10.

LOUISA, LAWRENCE CO., KY., October 29, 1885. FERGUSON & CONLEY, Pub.

Our New Dress.

It will be seen without much difficulty that we have changed the form and style of our paper. We have discarded the patent outside, with its ready printed matter, and will be thus enabled to give our patrons more news, more editorial and a better selection of miscellany.

Various reasons led us to make this change. For one thing, experience has taught us that a paper cannot be maintained in this place by subscriptions alone. There must be more advertisements, and to publish them we must have room. This we get by adopting the present form. Much of the good advertising which fell to the firm which provided the old outside of the paper will be sent to us, thereby aiding very materially in the running of our paper. In the furnished outside there often appeared matter which we could have well dispensed with. Now we publish only what we think will best suit our patrons.

The News in its present form will have thirty-six columns, and will contain as much as it contained in the old style.

We know we get out our paper in a manner much more satisfactory to ourselves, and we hope our readers will be satisfied with the change.

I Rode By Chattaroi.

The above is the title of a short poem written about our river in the ante-railroad days. A little reflection will remind one of the great changes which have taken place in the disposition of our citizens since the advent of the "iron horse". They have become much less friendly and sociable, probably on account of the extension of their acquaintance. The poem is much more beautiful to those who remember the Chattaroi and all its pleasant

scenery before the railroad came than to those who have become acquainted with it since. Following is the poem:

I RODE BY CHATTAROI.

When sunny Summer-time was young,
In all its blessed employ;
I rode along the pleasant banks
Of lovely Chattaroi.
The sweet birds piped their joyous notes,
From woodland's leafy bowers;
The purring river laughed and sang,
Between its banks of flowers;
The bright sky wore a golden smile,
Unmixed by clouds afoof;
While forth I rode in joyous mood
By lovely Chattaroi.

Far down the mountain's fastness came
The eagle's piercing scream—
The deep and shade of pitch work lay
Upon that gliding stream;
The South wind came with gentle sigh,
Like some far maiden cry,
And knew the fragrant flowers that grew
By lovely Chattaroi.

I dreamed of all that time should bring
To that grand stream so fair;
Of mill and mill and roaring trains,
And smoke polluted air,
Of factory's clash and mill-wheel's fall,
That sylvan peace destroy;
And prayed a respite yet might come
To lovely Chattaroi!
The day had waned—the sun's last kiss
On that rare landscape fell;
Still on I rode beside the stream
I long shall love full well!
Adown a vista greenly fair,
A barefoot girl and boy
Rehearsed again Love's o'er-sweet a/c,
By lovely Chattaroi.

When other days shall come and go;
When other swains shall tell
That tender tale that Adam told
E'er Eve our mother fell;
Still green in memories' deathless urn
Shall live that day of joy;
That pleasant, sunny Summer time
By lovely Chattaroi.

ORIS HUNT.

I do not know who Oris Hunt was, nor in what paper it first appeared but if it cannot be properly credited now we can think of the author as one who can appreciate the beauties of nature and write about them too.

LAWRENCE BOYD.

Please Don't

Say "I takened", for I took; or,
"It hoped me", for It helped me;
or, "I haven't saw him", for I have
not seen him.

Munch chestnuts in church.
Stand at the church door and
stare at the people as they pass out.
Chew gum.

Take a drink of whiskey, eat a
dinner of onions, and then smoke a
vile cigar.

Say "You Know" oftener than
eleven times in telling a two-line
story.

Call every one a dude who wears
a collar and keeps his hands and
face clean.

Forget to subscribe for the News.

HIS REAL NEED.

"What you want," said the barber, as
he ran his fingers through the few re-
maining hairs on the head of a custo-
mer—"what you want is a bottle of my
hair restorer." "What I want," replied
the customer, "is a divorce," and the
barber said no more.—Boston Courier.

THE BOY SAW ALL.

"Oh! these picnics," exclaimed Bailey.
"I declare I've had enough of them for
one season. I expected to have a day of
rest, but I'd no sooner got on the ground
than they set me at work squeezing lem-
ons. I've been at it all day."

Freddy (the irrepressible): Yes, you
must have taken sister's hand for a lem-
on coming back in the train, last night.
Mr. Bailey.—Tid-Bits.

IT AGREED WITH HIM.

She wanted to break her husband of
the habit of drink, and began to cook his
food in liquor, having heard that it
would prove effectual. He didn't say
anything the first day; he showed no
signs of noticing the change the second
day, but after supper on the third day he
said to her:

"Maria, you don't know now you've
improved in you're cooking in the last
three days."—Tid-Bits.

Come in and give us a dollar for
the News and the American Farmer
one year and a chance on our sew-
ing machine.